Volume LXI CHICAGO, APRIL 16, 1908 Number 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TOWER HILL

A Preliminary Announcement

Spring is here! Summer will soon be here!

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DATES

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1-September 16.

Tower Hill Summer School, July 19-August 23.

Women's Congress, August 21-22-23.

Bible studies—Books of the New Testament.

Interpretation of Poetry; some neglected singers.

The study sessions will be short; the days will be long. Simplicity, quiet, communion with nature, with self and once in a while with one another.

For further particulars write to

Mrs. Edith Lackersteen,
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago, Illinois.

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LILIES OF THE VALLEY

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908 NUMBER 7

Spirit With Spirit

The pall has fled which dulled the early east—
  The swift white wonder of the dawn is nigh.
  Refreshed, transfigured, by the night passed by,
I leap, participant, to Nature's feast.
Oh, marvelous, that I, who seem the least
  Of natural things beneath this roseate sky,
  Should thus exalted be—that thus am I
On hilltop chanting, worshiper and priest.

O body o' me, which fifty years hath sprung
  Up craggy heights and foraged in the dales,
    Still youth's elastic fiber thrills in thee!
O soul within, which ages old hath sung
  In skyey deeps where Spirit Spirit hails,
    Thine still is youth—thine, ageless ecstacy.

JAMES H. WEST.

It would probably be effective wisdom for editors, particularly of religious journals, to quote more freely from one another, for it is better to print the sense of another than the nonsense of yourself, and the same eyes do not often read different religious weeklies. The man who edits the "Notes" page in the *Universalist Leader* knows a good thing when he sees it and can say a sharp thing for himself. Here are a few of the many witty and wise fragments found on this page in a recent issue:

"Prayer will never bring God down to your level, but it will lift you nearer to his."

"A suggestion from the pew is sometimes more effective than a sermon in the pulpit."

"If numbers determine worth, then football and the prize-fight are the great evangelists."

"Never believe anything bad about anybody, unless you positively know that it is true. Never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it," so says Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Edison says that "the acrolein produced by the burning paper encasing the cigarette is the most irritating poison, one of the terrible drugs in its effect on the human system."

We do not know about acrolein, but we do believe that this is true of nicotine, and we believe that the man of science and the honest physician will sustain our belief. Men and boys, why not begin at the foundation. We cannot bring in the kingdom in sections. Quit the nasty stuff and quit it now. Surely this is the demand of economy, public decency and private forces.

That was a notable gathering, a cheering sign of the times witnessed in New York recently when the Playground Association of America gave a reception to Mrs. Humphrey Ward and the Duchess of Marlborough, with Richard Watson Gilder as toastmaster and the leading settlement workers, Mr. Maxwell, superintendent of schools, Jacob Riis, Jane Addams and others as speakers. It was a belated recognition of the truth which George Eliot stated many years ago that, important as is the task of directing the industries of the world, it is not so important as the proper direction of the leisure of the world. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Humphrey Ward does not extend her visit beyond the limits of New York. The closing words of her address at this meeting, as reported in *Charities* for April 11, are as follows:

"Let us then use this great opportunity, not to enter into any rivalry with either the school or the home, but to help both; let us tire the children healthfully by good games which may send them sleepy to bed; let us give the contriving child the opportunity to use its fingers; the laughing, sociable child the opportunity for talk and fun under wholesome conditions; let us give the timid, delicate, nervous child shelter and care; let us above all draw in the parents, attach to each center its parents' guild, and try heartily to interest them in the education of their children. Changes are coming, changes in civilization, in character, in social spirit. We must believe it, or we are no longer in any sense Christian. But meanwhile let us of this generation do our part to mend what is amiss, to supplement what is lacking. The children of the nation are the treasure of the nation. In their small hands lie the England, the America of the future. What will they make of these great countries? They will make of them what we, who are now in possession, enable them to make."

We do not forget that this issue of UNITY reaches the homes on the eve of Easter. We rejoice with our readers in the benignant days of spring, the budding life in Nature, the irrepressible songs, the nuptial joys and inspirations of the nest building immigrants. The current magazines and papers will this week be laden with the poetry, the picture and the homilies that belong to the season and are justified by the out-door witnesses, but are inspired still more by the inward hunger, the craving for the fuller fellowship, the thirst for the immortal life. We must leave the Easter embellishments largely to our contemporaries who have larger control of the time and the money and talent implied in Easter decorations, so we come to our readers in the plain garb of the year and a message fitting to all the months, and, as we understand it, timely in every week. Alas for the Easter life that culminates in Easter hats, and woe for the church that lends itself without protest to a millinery display on Easter morning. The present agitation in certain quarters on the part of the clergy against the enormity of the "Merry Widow" hats is timely and justified, though perchance it may be unwise and futile. Grave issues sometimes turn on small incidents, and we can see how a reform in the state, a revival of pulpit power, a reconstruction of church energies and a reorganization of church forces might follow the establishing on the part of

even a small number of women of position and power of the practice of sitting in the church bareheaded, leaving the hats for the only legitimate function, that of protecting the head out of doors, and the meeting of the women by a similar number of men with a degree of seriousness, appreciation and reciprocal control and direction becoming to the occasion.

Collier's Weekly was justified of wisdom when a few weeks ago it made the suggestion that must have seemed the heights of audacity to the politicians, that Illinois would honor itself by sending to the United States Senate William Kent to fill the approaching vacancy. To a politician a senatorship is the reward for long service to the party and incidentally to the public. Mr. Kent, if he would, has few qualifications for a successful "boss." Though one of the most thorough democrats it is our privilege to know, he is a poor "mixer," using the word as understood in the vernacular, of the "ward-heelers"; but Mr. Kent is a man of public spirit, a man who is a persistent student of state and municipal problems, a man with a record that proves him not only a fearless agitator, which is a commendable trait in a senator, but a successful reformer, a man who has "done things." And where is one better inspired to compel others to face tasks and accomplish things which at the outside seem to them impossible if not unwise? Further Mr. Kent is so situated that he could and would make the senatorship his chief task; he would bring to the services of the state a vigorous mind and a working enthusiasm. "Why not, then?" Simply because the politicians are in the saddle, the "manipulators" in both parties are not looking for independent men, but for those who will keep the fences up and who are willing in one way or another to return a *quid pro quo* for favors rendered. If ever it comes when the boasted democratic government of Illinois can be realized and the people's choice can be really sought and honorably respected, William Kent, of Chicago, is the kind of a man they would promptly send to the United States Senate, or any other place where high and independent service is wanted. Said one not wanting in sagacity, "If they gave William Kent a chance in the Senate, the time would come when he would be wanted for president."

What a gruesome, hidden chapter in American life and in current economics is opened to the unsuspecting world by the revealments in the *Literary Digest* of April 11th. Concerning the "City of Pills," the facts here given are taken from a more elaborate study, found in the *Technical World Magazine,* certainly a good, presumably the best of authorities. We are told that "three-fourths of the world's supply of pills comes from Detroit, Mich. And what a supply! Six thousand millions a year, over two thousand different varieties, enough to reach three times around the earth at the equator." We are further told that "the liquid patent medicines of old are largely given up to the more easily carried pills. * * * There is hardly a woman who is not the user of pills of some kind." New pills come at the rate of about two hundred varieties a year, and such pills. See the picture of a goggled man with his big log of sandalwood being ground up by powerful machinery for pills. Of course basswood would answer every purpose, only the smell might not be so strange and the flavor would be less familiar. The horrible stuff is compounded by machinery, another machine turns out the little humbugs at the rate of two million a day, enough to fill one hundred thousand boxes of twenty each. Even admitting a medicinal value in some of these, there remains the foolish little pellets that by elaborate processes are covered with gold, silver, gelatin. They may well typify an age of sham and humbugs. Admitting for argument's sake that some of them are good, that science has called them into being and knows how to use them, still we suspect that the great profits in this trade depend on the non-scientific use of the little humbugs or something worse, unjustified by science. Anyhow the fact remains that a large and increasing number of men and women manage to do their daily work, keep well and live long, who take no pills. And the more intelligent will cry "Shame to the maker of such pills, and out with the takers of the same." Heaven save us from the pill men.

It seems almost like treason to say anything against "The Fleet" just now, particularly on the Pacific Coast, but still a wise woman somewhat under the spell of the pageant said to our encouragement, "Keep up heart. I think this is the last of the peacock struts that America will ever indulge in." Apropos to this point, we are glad to quote from an address of Edwin D. Mead, the great apostle of peace in America today, given before the State Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., recently:

> "For our government, or any government party to the Hague conventions, to increase its armaments at such a time, instead of planning their decrease, is infidelity to the great prophetic and imperative tendency which has in it the chief hope of salvation for the family of nations today."

Nothing is more superficial than the assumption that the increase of an army reduces the liability of war. This hope is unjustified by psychology and by history. Human nature cannot be scared into amity. If it could be, it would be at the cost of manliness. Hero stuff is generated today by Pacific measures and issues. It is hard to find cowards enough to man the battleships already made in the times of peace. From a military standpoint Grant, the great field marshal of America, saw so clearly that even the fighting strength of the nation was in its volunteer forces that he suggested, as he tells us in his Memoirs, the disbanding of the regular army at the beginning of the war that

they might be reorganized and incorporated in the more efficient volunteer services. The best of warships are reckless adventure in engineering, costly experiment of the resisting power of metals. The other day in Magdalena Bay, one of the fool things blew its own nozzle off without apparent cause. There was not a flaw in it. Theodore Roosevelt is the man who does things. He has made himself a large place in American history, he has moved the nation forward mightily, but in this one respect he has thrown a mystic spell over the American people. Congress needs to be dehypnotized from the fallacy of the "soft word with a big stick." The phrase should be changed to "a soft word needs no big stick." Let us multiply the men in the pulpit and in the editorial sanctum who, like Mead, will speak out and speak up on every occasion against the reactionary infatuation of a big fleet which ten years hence will be left as old junk on the nation's hands, so much of it as is not already gone below as scientific failures.

"Sunday closing" is not simply a question of the saloon and the enforcement of city ordinance or state law. This is but the culmination of a problem that is perplexing all the way along the line, from the mother problem with the small boy and the Sunday ball up to the heads of schools, colleges and the church members with their automobile and golf attractions. The *Universalist Leader* quotes the testimony of the wise and stately Senator Hoar, who says: "There is, in my judgment, no more commanding public duty than attendance at church on a Sunday. The greater the man's influence, the greater and more imperative the duty." On the other hand comes the frank confession reaching from the grandchild to the grandmother: "Sunday is a tedious day! I hate to see it come! I do not know what to do with myself!" A little psychology will reveal the danger if not fallacy in the last apparently clinching argument against Sunday restraints. There are many good things that the child does not like to do. We can well understand the boy who said there were only two things he hated, viz., work and doing chores. There is a period in the development of the child when the suggestion of soap, water and towels are distasteful. He rebels against the tyranny of the comb and feels the cruelty of the power that compels him to go to bed when he is not sleepy. This irksomeness follows us all through life. In the higher realms surely progress comes not along the lines of least resistance. It is the unused faculty that tires quickly; it is the dormant muscle that needs exercise. Few boys and girls like to be alone. This is the bane of study. How great is the temptation "to get the lesson together." The social instinct is the foe of study, and yet the wise Emerson said, "The best part of a boy's schooling is the room and fire by himself." There is a Sunday closing problem this side and beyond the Sunday saloon problem, and the wise will not ignore or close too hastily the more pressing domestic and social phases of the problem. We alluded elsewhere to the Thacher school. Its dealing with the Sunday question for its boys is interesting. There are certain hours of required quiet and retirement, a season of social reading or conversation done together, and a generous margin of time for individual choice and pastime when walking, or the quieter diversions are permitted, but not the strenuous "games" of the weekday. Details are unimportant, but this recognition of the problem, the groping toward the solution, is significant. After all the theological, dogmatic sanctions are withdrawn and the ecclesiastical and pietistic habits based thereon are ignored, there still remain the high uses of a day that punctuates the week with a touch of quiet and a flavor of thoughtfulness, brings in a breath of air from the higher altitudes.

Editorial Campaignings

The last "Notes" from the Senior Editor published in these columns were written in Los Angeles. Perhaps it is fortunate that no other "Chance" presented itself along the way, for the humorous distortions of names and phrases which, passing through the unrevisable notes of a stenographer, are inevitable.

The first stop towards the northward was at the "Thacher School for Boys," in the beautiful Ojai Valley, where I spent two nights and a beautiful day, to the satisfaction of the mind as well as to the delight and relaxation of the body. It included a long ride on horseback into the cañon and a carriage ride through the ample orange orchards of the vicinity, at once resplendent in fruit and flowers, and a twenty-mile livery ride the next morning to catch the train at Ventura.

Here is a veritable "pedagogical valley" where much of the dream of Goethe, described in "Wilhelm Meister," is actualized. Here is a place where boys, far from the debilitating and distracting influences of Society artificialities and conventional furbelows, removed from the interference of over-anxious and ill-advised *"mammas"* and indulgent *"papas,"* are submitted to a discipline that is strenuous but not tyrannical, splendidly simple but still vigorous. The Thacher brothers are born pedagogues; the school master is in the blood; the sons of one who was long a vigorous element in the Yale faculty and whose name is now a revered memory. These two brothers are ably assisted by six other strong men, all of them college graduates. The Thacher brothers have held themselves heroically to certain fundamental conditions of excellence, among which are persistent loyalty to the limitations of number, which in their minds mark the limit of the maximum potency in the work they plan to do. They have fixed their stake at forty and stand by it, though the number might be indefinitely increased to their commercial advantage. The school is "full," the next year's list is complete with a waiting roll on file.

The second fundamental adhered to with splendid

loyalty is that of simplicity in architecture, in clothing, habits and studies. The buildings, in construction and furnishing, are the plainest and the cheapest consistent with ample room, plenty of light and the refinement of economy and absence of display. This school is the furthest removed from the costliness and stuffiness of the "Dry Goods Emporium" and the "House Furnishing" establishments.

A third fundamental at the Thacher School is work. Here they believe that culture is acquired by a wholesome amount of "digging" and "grinding." Apparently the teachers place little confidence in the frills and the accessories that are too often substitutes for study in our preparatory schools. It was a delight to find educators who were not trying to insinuate a culture into their pupils *unbeknownst* to the boys, to woo them into a training by smiles, to buy them with pleasures. The teachers here believe in tasks and a lot of them. There is ample time to play, but it is vigorous play. There is plenty of outdoors, but it is activity with the competitive contests reduced to the minimum. All the boys have horses, but they groom them themselves. The stable management, including its expense, as indeed much of the discipline of the school, is in the hands of the boys themselves, and the management is admirable whether studied from the standpoint of a farmer or a soldier. It was refreshing to watch, at the sound of the eleven o'clock bell, the race of the forty boys from the class room to the stable, and they are sufficiently removed to make a good run. With a promptness that would do credit to a cavalry troop they galloped back to the training field on their horses, properly groomed, saddled and bridled by themselves, where, without the vicious suggestion of swords and guns, they were put through the vigorous maneuverings which were enjoyed by the horses apparently as much as by the boys. Then at "break ranks" there was a gallop to the stables, where their horses were unsaddled, properly stabled, and the boys were again at their classes in an astonishingly short interval. There is little shop work undertaken here, but the mountains and the cañons adjoining the school for miles around are made accessible with "trails" which the Thacher boys, under the intelligent direction of their masters, construct, and "they are good trails; only such are allowed to be constructed," said the head master. This reminded the wandering Editor of John Ruskin's road mending gang, of which Arnold Toynbee was elected foreman by his classmates, a logical as well as a chronological introduction to the higher settlement work that followed in East London. The preparation for citizenship is not here a fad or a special study, but the process is really going on, which process, like all real growths, is largely an unconscious one in the lives of the boys, as I could well see. The transformation was manifest in the particular cases in point, for Lincoln Centre has its representatives at the Thacher School, and, next to the Hillside Home School in Wisconsin, it stands the most closely allied, in its personnel as well as in its purpose, to the task represented by the Lincoln Centre, Tower Hill and UNITY.

The breadth and altruistic wisdom of this school among the mountains is shown in the splendid self-denial or rather respect for the larger self in the beautiful Men's Club House at Nordhoff. When the bereaved parent of a favorite and promising student of the Ojai School desired to erect a fitting building that would perpetuate the memory of the boy who loved the school and who was loved by the school, the boys joined with the faculty in asking the generous donor to erect the beautiful building, not on their campus, where it could be enjoyed only by the forty boys and their teachers, but in the village, their nearest railway station, five miles off, where such a building would be an addition to the life of the community and where all the men and boys of the village, for the payment of the nominal sum of a dollar or two a year would have such a common resort, with reading room, library, amusement room, etc., as are available in the cities at a cost of an annual fee of forty or more dollars. And the utilization of the same by the men of the town and the pride of the boys in the building splendidly justifies the wisdom of the arrangement and the self-denying spirit of the boys.

The writer believes heartily in co-education, both in theory and practice, when properly applied, but he was compelled to recognize the immense pedagogical advantage in a school that was relieved of the "Saratoga trunk" impedimenta, the debilitating society assumptions and "functions" that are cruelly foisted prematurely upon the boys and girls of too many educational institutions of today. The society manners, the anxieties of dress and conventional proprieties, and, still worse, the distracting idle small talk and small *fun* that so waste the hours that ought to be spent with books and with getting acquainted with one's self should have little place during the training years in the lives of boys and girls. This is but the practical application of John Fiske's suggestive insistence that the prolongation of the period of infancy is necessary to the higher development of the race. The future courtesies and gallantries of the boys of the Thacher School are not endangered by the fact that they now are allowed to find their strength, except when occasion demands, in negligee shirt, khaki overalls and mountain boots, in which plain simplicities and common sense their teachers set the commendable example. It is a school of good manners in rough but not coarse setting, a good beginning for a life devoted to plain living and high thinking, and later along to high leadership in municipal and national life.

It is a long way from the beautiful plain buildings and the vigorous atmosphere of the Ojai Valley to the sumptuous, indolent, indulgent atmosphere of the palace-crowned heights, the shaven lawns and barbered hedges of Santa Barbara, where the "lotus eaters" tarry in the land "where it is always afternoon," although the distance was covered by three hours' travel.

Here was a Saturday night lecture and a Sunday morning sermon, an acquaintance with the faithful and strenuous little band who in the Unitarian church are wrestling with the temptations to idleness and are trying hard to convert privileges into obligations, to transmute blessings into character. They deserve the sympathy of those who are inclined to envy them their good fortune.

Stopping at Berkeley only long enough to christen the dear baby of one who for many years was a good right hand to the Editor of UNITY, I hastened northward to fulfill the engagements on the last itinerary arranged for me by one of our editorial contributors, Fred A. Weil, away up at the northwest corner of the Union—Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham. The mountains were as gracious in their favors on this trip as they were niggardly of them when, five years ago, Dr. Thomas and his good wife traveled with "ye Editor" over the same route. Shasta, Hood, Adams, St. Helens and Mount Tacoma all uncovered as we passed, and the white-robed priests of nature received our homage.

At Portland there were three babies to be christened, a large audience of three hundred women to listen to a study of Browning in the afternoon, and another audience to listen to the lecture in the evening. Next day it was Tacoma—a lecture in the evening, and next morning a most inspiring audience of 1400 high school children in one of the most attractive high school buildings we know of anyhere—splendid for situation, ample in space and complete in equipment. At Seattle it was a lecture, and at Bellingham the three engagements grew into six. Then over the Canadian Pacific, the unspeakable glories of the Selkirks, the dazzling Rockies of the north, and the pastor of All Souls' Church arrived home Friday morning, April 10, in time to write the sermon on "General Grant, the Silent Hero," that helped the "old boys" of the Ulysses S. Grant Post, G. A. R., to celebrate Appomattox day on the Sunday following.

This escape from the March cut-throat weather, this flight for rest to a more benignant climate, turned out unexpectedly to be one of the most vigorous and, judging by the size of the audiences, the wide range of the listeners and the "point of attack," one of the most successful as well as one of the most strenuous missionary scouts in the somewhat missionarying career of the Editor. Forty-three addresses in the forty-one days of absence, the chance at three university audiences, three high school assemblies, two civic organizations, men committed to municipal advancement and reform, with women's clubs, pulpits and platforms thrown in. Though the occasions were many, the titles somewhat different, the message was, from choice and from necessity, very much the same. It was the same old message against the bird on the hat, the gun in the boy's hands and the battleship on the main as the unwholesome pride and unsound test of a nation's strength or prowess. It was the old demand for simplicity in dress, fellowship in religion, co-operation among the churches, and for an amelioration and when possible an obliteration of the dividing fences too vigilantly guarded by partisan politics and sectarian religion. All along the route it was the old attempt to emphasize Ruskin's warning against the three deadly D's—Debt, Diet (always including drink) and Dress. Illustrations in point were not wanting. "The Fleet" with its menacing glory was being expected with an enthusiasm and generosity of money that was depressing if not disgusting. The interest in the "wet" and "dry" contests all over the nation was everywhere manifest, and it was a good chance to speak words in the interest of the "dry." Everywhere there was an attempt to find the fundamentals in statecraft and in religion, and many were the good chances to reiterate the old message which called UNITY into being, viz., Unity is the most religious word in current speech. Some kind of a togetherness is the higher demand of the world; a holy Catholic church is growing, is coming, is needed. "The Power of Poetry," "The Demand of the Schools," "The Call of the City," all indicate this tendency and the soundness of this prophecy. At least so thinks the Editor of UNITY, and this was the substance of his various deliverances on the Coast, and the chance to say it was a joy and a rest, and he is back at his "job" in Chicago looking better, feeling better than when he left. At least so testify the looking glass, the suspicious friends and Fairbanks' scales.

Anemone

A sculptor is the Sun, I know,
Whose shining marble is the snow:
All through the winter, day by day,
He with his golden chisel-ray
Toils patiently that he may bring
A statue forth to honor Spring;
And when she comes, behold it there—
A blossom in the gentle air,—
A form of gracious symmetry,—
A fragile white anemone!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

At Easter

The church is old, high-arched and dim,
And through its mullioned windows tall,
Spring's questing sunbeams, soft and slim,
Creep up its somber-hued north wall.

Before its altar, dusk with age,
A sheaf of lilies in her hands,
A great light in her eyes to gauge
Her lifted thought, Elnora stands.

This young girl crowned with innocence
The people see, and nothing more;
Yet, answering to their reverence,
In vision Christ comes, as of yore.

A hand upon the fair head laid,
A silent gaze, truth meeting truth,
And something beautiful is weighed—
Untried, yet consecrated youth.

The service o'er, as pours the throng
Back to the common haunts of men,
One whispers, sick at heart of wrong,
"God help me! I will try again!"

Here, too, stands Christ divine, to yearn
As if he understood the strife;
And lo, this is the great return,
"The resurrection and the life."

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

THE PULPIT

SERMON PREACHED ON EASTER SUNDAY AT M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, APRIL 18, 1897, BY DR. HIRAM THOMAS.

"If ye, then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."—Colossians, iii:1.

We can think of a world where there is no life. In such a world there could be no death. Only that which is alive can die. Man has to face the double fact of life and death in the same world. They move along together, side by side; life going before, death following after. It is a strange scene and process of the ever-doing and the seeming undoing; of the becoming and the unbecoming; of building up and tearing down.

It is possible for us to stand aside and look upon this scene, study it, analyze it, and it is profitable so to do. Not long can any of us thus stand as spectators of the scene, for we soon find ourselves to be a part of it; caught up and carried along with it and in it.

Man is a thinking being, must think and reason, and when he studies this double fact of life and death in this world and sees them so closely related a question may arise, must arise—whether they be not in some way the double seeming of the same thing; and this the forward movement within the backward looking movement of the same process.

And the question may at last arise, and must arise, to those who hold on to it, whether what we call the undoing or seeming unbecoming of death is not only a related but a necessary end in the fact of the higher becoming of life itself.

Such questions are far reaching, far influencing. They open the door to a new world, or rather to a new seeming of the world as it is and as it has been.

Things that may at first seem discrediting, unsettling, that may seem to be the enemies rather than the friends of Faith, and yet when the history of human thinking is looked at this fact is ever present, that man has been first a sense being, "First that which is natural, after that which is spiritual," and that from the sense side of things he has, or all trained minds have, followed the vision of the outer-looking, and said what seemed to be a fact was a fact. And then we all know that his reflective reason came more and more into the foreground and there had to be changes of view. What was the thought, the verdict of the sense side to be a fact disappears under a clearer analysis and a greater new truth rises up.

Thus, for thousands of years the sense vision said, had to say, that the sun literally rises and sets. Then after thousands of years Reason comes along and corrects and cancels the error, seeing the vaster vision of the fact as it is.

And it is no discredit cast upon the thinking of the past. It is an evidence of the growth of ideas, the evolution of thought, the larger becoming of mind.

And so in the past it was easier to think of the world as made in a few days and hence they said it was thus made; easier to think of this than to think of the vast change and processes of world births and maybe of world deaths. In trying to fix a beginning it is easier to think of a man as put together—mechanically structured—than to think of the human body going through the long processes and higher reachings of life, and hence they said he was made of dust, and then like an engine when constructed the steam was turned on and the machine set in motion; the breath of life was breathed into this mechanical thing and man became a living soul.

Now we say that life is the builder; that life creates its own body; that life precedes structural organism.

And so it was not difficult for them to think that woman was made from a rib taken from a man's side. Now we know that the fact of sex and sex relation begins down in the plants and grasses and comes all the way up through the animal world to man.

Hence, we have to reconstruct our theories, and the history of thought is that what at first seemed destructive of faith is every day declaring, affirming, demonstrating itself to be the best friend of faith.

And so, often through the inheritance of mental environment, conceptions of institutional life have taken shaping, and they have projected themselves as anachronisms, things out of time, far into the ages of thought. Thus the conception of Royalty—that by Divine appointment one man should rule over the many—fastened itself upon the world and is at the heart of the struggle going on so near our shores in poor Cuba. If the old thoughts had not thus taken shaping in institutionalized form they could not thus have lived. It would not be possible today for a body of untrammeled thinking minds to construct the system of faith promulgated to the world as true 250 years ago, when preachers were burning heretics and Christians for the slightest differences of thought were putting one another to death.

It ought not to seem strange to us that thoughts about life and death and resurrection, thoughts that to the present seem out of analogy to the great order of natural life, that such thoughts were entertained in the past, formulated in the past, and that for hundreds and even thousands of years they were the faith and the honest belief of men and women and scholars as well.

Thus there was the old idea that death was an unnatural something projected into the scene and plan of the life of man because of the mistake or error or sin of a supposed first parentage, and that that sin has been visited upon every child of earth through all these thousands of years; "paying the penalty," as we say.

Thirty, forty or fifty years ago, when we had no such beautiful illustrated books as we have now, you and I, many of us, remember that in Webster's old spelling book there were two or three pictures. One, innocent enough, was the boy in the apple tree. One that filled the children with terror was the picture of Death under the symbol of a skeleton, a man with a scythe, felling the fleeing human beings.

Now we are coming to see and say and know that death was on this planet countless years before man came, and we are coming to see and say as a great vision of a new world that death is a natural and necessary attendant of life; that death is the friend of life. It has a part in the rebuilding and reclothing of life, and not a dread enemy with scythe and sword, pursuing children and grown men.

Life, as observed and studied in our world, comes

*Dear Doctor Thomas:

It so happened that on the day when you preached your Easter sermon in the year 1897 at McVicker's Theater I was present and, as was sometimes my custom, I took it down in shorthand. I consider it one of the fortunate experiences of my life. Since then a loss has come to me through death and these words of yours have seemed to me to contain the deepest truths that I can reach.

Last Easter, as our children are now growing to maturity, we read this to them at home in the evening, and resolved that before another Easter came I should typewrite it for you with the request that you have it published this year, in order that it may reach a wider circle of questioning minds. I have taken great pleasure in doing this small service for you, as it affords me an opportunity to say in some partial way how great has been our gain through your teaching. Yours very truly,

C. D. G.

forth embodied. It is objectivized in some form or organism, as tree, plant, animal, man. But the sense view of life is to mistake the outer seeming for the inner; to mistake the form for the substance; and hence in the past, when a tree died, fell to the ground and disappeared, it was natural to the sense to say "The life has died, the tree is dead." When animal or man has died, the sense verdict has been "Death. Life has died."

And looking at the outer form of life, rather than the inner reality, we can understand why the church of the past, with so much earnest sincerity emphasized the fact of the physical resurrection. When a man died, when wife, mother, child, husband died, the sense vision saw that which was gone, and hence the hope of return was fixed upon the reliving or resurrection of the body that was buried in the grave. And to be sure of identity it was once thought that all that had been a part of the human body, that which had been cut off from the hair or beard or from the finger nails—that would all come back in the resurrection body. Very sincere, all this. Very mistaken. They were contending for the fact of identity and they placed identity in this ever fleeting, appearing, dissolving human body, and not in the deeper essence or that which vitalizes the body.

And we know, under reflection, how the form of a child, the form of a friend may waste away in disease, but the identity, that which we love, becomes all the more dear because of our deeper looking at the essence of things, our turning away from the outer form or seeming.

And this explains the reason why the church has clung so tenaciously to the doctrine of the physical resurrection of Jesus. An eminent German scholar who died a few years ago, facing the difficulties of faith he saw rising up and could not put down, seemed ready to give up about all the miracles of the New Testament but the physical resurrection of Jesus. That, he thought, we must cling to. Now if he had been contending for the resurrection of the essential Christ there would have been great reason for clinging to this. Might it not have become so natural as not to require a miracle even? All the miracles of life are ever before us and ever becoming greater; but he contended for the physical resurrection.

Young attorneys may often make the mistake of weakening their case by claiming too much. Wiser lawyers are willing to give up this or that side issue. They concentrate the whole strength of their argument upon essentials. This was the method of Lincoln. That explained his power before a jury. He would concede this and concede that small point, but all the time he was narrowing his argument down to the essential points.

Heaven knows I would not weaken the faith of any one, but in a world so tossed and turmoiled as is the present, to suit the needs of the human mind, I want for myself and I want for you something that does not leave the way open for doubt, and when one clings to the physical resurrection it seems not possible but that some door for doubt is ever open. Why, you go back to the early history of the gospel narratives and the first thing you see there are the two stories, that of the Jews, saying the disciples came and stole the body away while the soldiers slept; then the story of the disciples, that an angel came and rolled away the stone and Jesus arose.

Let us concede the fact that the physical body of Jesus did arise. I will not deny it, but this is what I say: Suppose it did, then if you read the narrative further we somehow must feel that there is a mysticism about all this and the body that arose is not the body that appeared, because Jesus appeared to his disciples when the door was shut. He had the power of appeared to Saul, not the form that appeared to John appearing and vanishing. This is not the form that upon the island of Patmos. Now, all these things are pushed aside if, with the new vision, we look to the essential, give up the contention of a physical body rising or not rising, but claim upon ground from which we cannot be moved that the Christ lives, and that he lives now, and that there is, and must be, some other definition of the thought of resurrection than that of the physical rising of a body, that may have been and may not have been. It is utterly unverifiable now, and it is too much to ask to hang the faith of a world upon an unverifiable story of two thousand years ago. Nor is it wise, when we have all the other great facts to stand upon; the facts of the continuous resurrection, the rising and standing up of life beyond death.

Our text says, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." "If ye be risen." There is a resurrection that may occur before death. Men may and do rise up into the life of the Christ whilst living in these mortal bodies, and the Christ is forever rising and reclothing the forms of a world in its social order.

All the time that we have been thinking about the resurrection of the body Nature has been going on with miracle of resurrections.

Embryology teaches that each child travels over this long way of life, epitomizes the ages, before it assumes distinctively human form. Nature teaches how life has been rising, using these abject bodies simply as a stairway upon which to climb. The noble Drummond teaches that not only have physical bodies been created and recreated by physical forces until men stand erect, not only this, but Dr. Drummond goes deeper and says that the mind of man has grown up, been nursed and carried along, all the way up through the insect and animal kingdom until it comes out to the consciousness of man. He teaches that the affectional and moral nature of man, what we call the "spirit of man" this has evolved, carried with him all the way from the leaf, the bud, the animal with its "other caring," as he calls it, on up to the fatherhood and motherhood of the human family; on up where reason stands out distinctly, is born into the world of the rational, and the heart stands reverent in the world of the Good; on up where the Soul meets God, up in that transcendent world, where the real life of man is. That is the spiritual interpretation of the resurrection which has come like the revelation of geology or the new astronomy to our age. We look out and see a new heaven and a new earth, and see death as the friend and not the enemy, for death has been the helper of life.

All our alluvial soils where things grow that feed animal and man have come from death. Fossiliferous rocks, limestone and marble are the creations of death, and death is a vast economy in our world. It nurses mind—tabernacles mind, for a time, in its house of clay, and then it says, "Let go of this house of clay. Come out and live in some supernal world, some ethereal world."

Not only this, but when we study life from the life side as well as from the death side we have to see and say that not only has life itself been a continuous resurrection but life carries, transmits the energies we call "man." We have been thinking of life as in the head, the hands, the feet, the body. Mind is life.

Memory is life, Justice is life, Love is life, and in this wonderful scheme of life and death working together life is not only built up to human form but on the mind side of life the great needs have been conserved and pushed forward; a constant resurrection of reason, resurrection of beauty, resurrection of moral thought and order.

Sometimes life on its mind side, its spirit side, has seemed to die and to lie in the grave not only for three days but for many, many years. The culture of the Greek mind lay in the tomb for more than a thousand years, but it was reborn. Had to be reborn. The order, such as it was, of the old world utterly disappeared in the dark ages, but it was born again with the incoming of the medieval and subsequent time. And this process of life reclothing itself (not talking about bodies of flesh now, but life on the higher mind—spirit—side), of life reclothing itself in the higher forms of a higher world, liberty coming up from the grave of despotism, Humanity rising out of selfishness, a resurrection going on in our own country—what does all this trouble mean everywhere, this effort for the inner forces of life everywhere to make for itself a body that will clothe the essence, the spirit, a form of government that will be just, an order of humanity that will be humane, a world of reason clear as the focalized light of a million suns? This is the resurrection going on all the time. Yet our poor world stands off and weeps and prays and asks, "With what body shall ye come?"

Life is itself a body in a finer sense, and the life that has clothed itself for countless thousands of years can be trusted to reclothe itself and regarment itself in the beauty of the celestial's spheres. It has been slow, hard work for our toiling world to come to this standpoint. Not all have reached it yet. Many are looking into the empty tomb to find Christ, but the voice says, "He is not here, he is risen." To the mind world it will be as great a vision as was the new astronomy. It will take this great painful question of death out of the realm of the accidental. It will give it its place in the great order of the ever-becoming of life. The cares of age will come. Physical decline, physical death will come, but the time is near now to many when it is not Death, not the enemy, not the destroyer, but the rebirth of the spirit into some higher form of being.

That is the new vision of this subject, this continuous resurrection of life, and there is for you here—for you—the glad news and thrill of life on its higher planes. The risen Christ now rising up in the consciousness of the world, and rebirths and resurrections of reason, the reclothing itself of beauty and truth, the becoming, ever in higher forms, of the great human and divine life.

Have you felt the resurrection power of the living God? If so, live for the things that are higher, live with great assurance. I tell you this new vision of the world of life is the most powerful argument ever offered. We can afford to give up all other arguments in favor of the continuity of life. Can it be that life that has never died, but is always rising—can it be that life that has risen all the way from the lower to the higher and now stands out in the life and love of God—that life itself can die? Oh, no, no, no! It is eternal. That is the emphasis of this doctrine of resurrection, the problem of immortality, the continuous rebirths and risings of the life within. Reason stands by its side and gladly says, "I am only a child yet. I have only turned a few pages. God made the endless years to go on and up." Says "God made the eternities," and Love, the very essence of life and of God himself, says, "Let me live on, let me go where the loved ones live, let my feet stand upon the shores whence they are calling me to come, let me have the Forever."

Then go, live for the things that are above where the risen Christ is enthroned, not sitting literally at any right hand but exalted in the glory of the True and the Good, enthroned in the hearts and lives of those who toil and suffer and die that others may live and that Truth and Justice and Love may triumph. This is the correlation of life and the higher planes.

Prayer: May thy truth come to us, oh, God. Into our darkness may there come light, into our death may there come life. May we go in gladness from this place, risen ourselves with Christ. Go forth to preach the resurrection of Jesus in a great world, and live in the joy of life forever.

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER VI.

CENTRAL CHURCH.

After the heresy trial Prof. Swing left the city to rest and to find his bearings, writing notes of his journeyings to *The Alliance*. Everywhere he was received with fraternal greetings, especially in Southern Ohio, and this Christian sympathy did much to heal the wounds of his foes. He was glad to be far away from all warrings and to find repose of mind amid scenes of peace and beauty. At Oxford, Ohio, he spoke to a gathering of Universalists, and this gave rise to a rumor that he intended to unite with that sect. This, however, was only a rumor, set afloat by certain church papers who were watching his movements. Swing held the Universalist faith in high esteem for its humane genius, but he felt that it was too daring a dogmatism for our twilight world. But it is much easier to label a man than to understand him, hence the winged rumor. Sectarian walls were so high in those days that one who was tall enough of soul to see over them was regarded as an anomaly.

In no sense was David Swing an extremist. The heresy trial and the attacks of the church papers, while they made him sick and sad of heart, did not, as such tactics so often do, make him more radical; though one notes a change of emphasis in his preaching after this period, as may be seen by contrasting the sermon on "The World's Great Need," delivered in Standard Hall in 1872, with the whole tone of his ministry after the trial. Some lititude must be allowed for the occasion of the Oxford address. He was speaking in the presence of old friends and, as was his way, with the freedom of Christian sympathy and love for all the followers of Christ. The Universalists themselves did not claim him, from that utterance, as one of them; but it was evident that, in turning his back upon a dark Calvinism, the future was brighter to him for all souls, and that a larger and more benign hope had come to him.

During his summer outing Swing visited Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn. Beecher welcomed him with open arms, the more so since his ordination to the apostolic succession had been confirmed by the laying on of hands of some of his brethren, not in benediction but in wrath. Beecher himself was at this time walking in a darker valley of shadows than heresy, and the fact that Swing came with a heart full of fraternal sympathy and love touched the great

preacher deeply. They sat up far into the night, and Swing learned the whole truth about that unhappy scandal—*the truth which, when told, will show that Henry Ward Beecher went to his reward with hands stainless before God's altar.* The strength and calmness of Beecher in that awful ordeal amazed Swing, as witness these words from *The Alliance:* "Notwithstanding the load of daily cares that must rest upon Henry Ward, and notwithstanding the hidden sorrows such a long conflict must bring him, he yet goes on, from week to week, in his life-work of unrolling the rich web of his fertile soul. His brain seems, like the vitals of Prometheus, to grow by night as rapidly as the vultures consume it by day." But it was in vain that Beecher begged him to spend a Sunday and preach in Plymouth church—he was too timid.

The hot days sped by and Prof. Swing returned to Chicago, and to the pulpit of the Fourth Church. Throughout the skirmish, the debate and the heresy trial, Fourth Church had stood by him to a man, and they were loth to take his withdrawal from the Presbytery as final. Indeed, he did not actually resign his pulpit until October, 1875, more than a year after the trial. As the months ran along, however, Swing saw that he must take leave of his people, if not of the ministry itself. To avoid any appearance of the spectacular, which he abhorred, he quietly withdrew and left the city. Once more he thought of the law and seems to have set about preparing to enter that profession, but the men of Chicago would not have it so. Recalling the experiment of a downtown service in McVicker's Theater just after the fire, while the Fourth church was rebuilding, they determined to bring Swing back to the city. The growth of Chicago, its shape, together with the fact that so many churches had moved further out, made the need of such a central society more keenly felt than in 1872. Steps were taken to form a new church, with Prof. Swing as pastor. To this end a meeting of citizens was called —all of them Swing's friends, though not all of his faith—and an agreement was executed as follows:

"We, the undersigned, believing it to be desirable that David Swing shall remain in the city of Chicago and continue his public teachings in some central and commodious place, and having been informed that the annual expenses of such an arrangement can be brought within the sum of $15,000, including an acceptable salary to Professor Swing, do hereby severally agree to pay the deficit, if any there shall be, arising from the conduct of such services, to the amount above named, for the term of two years."

This document was signed by fifty of the leading citizens of Chicago, including such names as N. K. Fairbank, G. B. Carpenter, Leonard Swett, Franklin MacVeagh, C. B. Holmes, O. F. Fuller, Jos. Medill, A. M. Pence, H. W. Wilmarth, Ferd. W. Peck, F. L. Blair, and others. Each of the fifty men subscribed $1,000, making a fund of $50,000 for the new religious enterprise—fifty thousand dollars to be invested in a man, in a teacher of faith! It is a matter of doubt whether this fact can be paralleled in the history of any other city upon the earth. This movement was not a rebuke to Dr. Patton nor a personal vindication of Professor Swing. Nor was it a rallying about a man, as such movements often are, out of sympathy for him as a supposed martyr or an unhappy outcast. The genius of the enterprise was positive, not negative. It was in the nature of a public enterprise to meet an obvious need in the higher life of the city; a need which David Swing had done much to provoke, and to which it was agreed that he was the man best fitted to minister. Chicago needed David Swing, and her citizens were willing to invest fifty thousand dollars in his genius.

It was further agreed that Prof. Swing should be left free as to the details of organization, creed and name, on the ground that he could do his best work unhandicapped. An opportunity of this kind comes but once in the life of a man or in the life of a city, and David Swing met it with a profound sense of his responsibility, the only thing that marred his joy being the fact that his church would have to be independent. Independence of thought was, indeed, his ideal, but isolation from fellowship was foreign to his whole nature and spirit. But, as he could not have one without the other, he accepted the alternative. There was much curiosity, particularly in church circles, as to what form the new movement would take, what name it would wear, and what creed if any it would adopt. Swing suggested that the society be called "Central Church," by virtue of its location and purpose; that it be congregational in organization and government; that its basis of fellowship be simple, comprehensive, and Christian. He drew up a covenant and statement of faith, which was adopted:

"We, desiring to promote our own spiritual welfare and to take some part in helping others to lead the Christian life, do form ourselves into a Christian society to be known as the Central Church of Chicago. We found our church upon the great doctrines of the New Testament. We believe in the divine character and mission of Christ; that he is the Savior that man in his ignorance and sinfulness needs; that all accepting and obeying this Christ as they Way, Truth and Life are fully entitled to the name and hope of the Christian."

That was all; and that was enough. Of this basis of faith the pastor said in a memorable sermon, which, in any true accounting of things, should be one of the landmarks of American Christianity:

"The objection to 'creeds' as written by the orthodox denominations lay not in the fact that they were written, but in the fact that they contained hundreds of useless articles and many articles not true; much extraneous matter, much unintelligible matter. If a creed should state that he who imitates Christ is worthy of all good, it is not objectionable; but if it goes on to write that he must have been decreed to imitate Christ, must have been immersed or sprinkled, must have been miraculously regenerated, must believe in the flood of Noah and in the creation of woman out of man's rib, must accept of a Trinity, of the idea of total depravity, of the fact and omnipotence of the Devil, the creed dies of impertinence; not because it was written down, but because it possessed neither truth nor utility nor logical sequence. But because creeds were once thus burdensome, and even injurious, we cannot infer that a modern church imperils its liberty if it writes down two or three simple articles of belief. The reaction from the long prayers of the Pharisees was not found in the total extinction of worship, but in the simplicity of the Lord's Prayer, offered far away from the market place.

"Our little statement assumes Theism and expresses only the Christian addition to the natural religion of mankind. . . . It offers an abundant liberty as to the import of the word 'divine,' and removes wholly from notice hundreds of definitions which were once deemed important; but it narrows down at last to an imitation of Christ and belief in Him that none but a Christian in his attachments and philosophy would wish to join the organization. We do not denounce the Jew; we do not declare his religion inadequate; we simply announce a difference of thought and prefer our phase of religious doctrine to his. . . . These doctrines are few, but they are very great, and make no diverging and intricate paths leading out to a desert, or, like the halls in a labyrinth, leading to no outcome, but a highway which leads to usefulness and character. . . . A prolix creed was the blunder of the past, because it hid from the people the central import of our religion. Men often believed so ardently in the Trinity that they forgot to believe in virtue. Hence, when creeds were longest the lives of Christians were the worst. The mind was dissipated, incompact, and could prove its piety by affirming the story of Jonah or Samson, or by repeating a long rosary. It is the simpler

creed, that which asks us to make Christ our standard, which admits of the least wandering from the main aims of society and worship. . . . All must confess that this church is founded upon Christ as its chief corner stone. We may indeed be poor followers of our Captain, but in this particular we resemble all Protestants and Catholics which surround us. . . . Should this society live here for generations while this city is passing its line of a million and hurrying onward, it will be what it is today, because its little creed determines its incoming people, and discloses before it a definite path. It need never wander nor be lost. Christ as a Guide and Savior is unchangeable, and the church which follows Him need never make approach to a life without God and a death without hope.''

On this basis Central Church was organized, with some five hundred members, in December, 1875. It was a triumph from the beginning, and not one of the guarantors of the reserve fund was called upon to make up any deficit. It was not an orthodox society, nor yet a "liberal" movement, still less a band of those men whom Bacon describes as "so sensible to every kind of restraint as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles." In temper, spirit and atmosphere it was a Christian church, but unsectarian in its affiliations. It toiled always within the name of Jesus, and its pulpit was a throne of those "doctrines which lie upon human life like a child upon its mother's bosom, dear and inseparable." Of course it was, in a way, a personal movement, for Prof. Swing was at once its leader and its inspiration; and there must have been a potent charm in a man who could achieve such a conquest, maintain such a gentle sovereignty, and diffuse an influence so compelling. Happily, Swing was not made to feel the aloofness and venom of the orthodox, as men in his position nearly always are. He won his foes, if we may so name them, no less than his friends, by the innate beauty of his genius and the simple, unstudied goodness of his nature. In a sermon on "The Amenities of Christianity" we have this glimpse of the relation of Central church to other churches:

''Our church here, our Central Church, a spiritual island cut off from the great continents and washed all around by the lonely, mourning sea, is nevertheless reached by submarine wires of friendship, and messages of good will come and go between our spot and the mainland. Members come and join us from all the denominations which ever grant letters of dismissal to persons desiring to join another church. These men come to our church not by written law, but by the force of a large and growing amenity of Christianity. Even if a tolerable argument might possibly be made to the effect that our church is not 'regular,' not 'evangelical,' the clergy have no heart for making such use of their critical faculties. They are like the soldiers of Wellington and Napoleon. As soon as the theological guns cease firing and the peace of evening has come, the evening of reflection and of the nearer presence of God down into the intervening valley come these ministers quite willing to give away, and to receive; and to do this not under a flag of truce sent by those in authority, but under a flag of truce which every heart waves for itself.''

(To be continued.)

The Divine Dream

When nature smiles on earth in rich array,
And brings to pass the dreams of bud and flower,
And makes the world a paradisal bower,
In all the splendor we have called the May,
Then man concedes this is the perfect day.
This is existence in its golden hour,
And o'er his soul there broods the heavenly power,
His keen unrest and weariness to stay!
He dreams a dream of summer sun of love,
To match the outer with its inner skill;
Ah! then he finds the wings of speeding dove,
To go and come and be where'er he will;
The spirit moves him to its own vast aim,
The possibilities of faith to claim!

—William Brunton.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Chicago Election.

The results of the municipal election were not essentially different from what had been anticipated and though considerable progress was made, particularly along anti-saloon lines, for the most part partisanship rather than purity, loyalty to the bosses rather than to the right, characterized the campaign and the results at the ballot box. If it is possible for the politicians to escape the mandates of the primary law, their reign will undoubtedly be continued, but if a fair and free vote in the nomination of candidates is permitted in August, it seems certain that recent returns will not be duplicated.

The Results Elsewhere.

In the state of Illinois 531 cities and villages voted no license, 206 decided to keep saloons; a total of 1,286 saloons were put out of business, though there remain 81,696, mostly in the larger cities. A total of thirty-five counties in Illinois will be absolutely dry after May 7, twenty-one others will be dry with the exception of one township; twelve others will have two saloon townships and nine three saloon townships. Despite the great number of saloons only about 3,000 square miles of territory out of the 56,000 in the state remain under saloon control. Thirteen counties that went dry gave a majority of 1,600 against the saloon. The above figures are challenged by brewery interests and may be slightly incorrect, but the extent of the anti-saloon victories is manifest. Elsewhere throughout the nation were similar victories, but it is certain a great contest will be carried on for some years to come.

The Presidential Situation.

In New York, Wisconsin and Illinois Mr. Taft apparently will have several of the convention delegates so that neither Hughes, Cannon nor La Follette will receive the full vote of their own states. Indeed, it is freely prophesied that the break in New York will result in the withdrawal of Mr. Hughes' name from the list of possibilities. Seaborn Wright, of Georgia, will be the nominee of the Prohibition Party at the convention to be held at Columbus, Ohio, July 15, according to the announcement of Mr. Wilson, chairman Illinois Prohibition State Committee.

New English Cabinet.

Owing to ill health, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman resigned the premiership last week and Mr. Herbert H. Asquith was appointed premier. He has made out the following new cabinet, the same being approved by King Edward: David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Tweedmouth, president of the council; Earl of Crewe, secretary of state for the colonies; Reginald McKenna, first lord of the admiralty; Winston Spencer Churchill, president of the Board of Trade; Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Education.

Erie Railroad Changes.

The recent difficulties of the Erie Railroad came to a climax last week, and in order to save it from a receivership Mr. Harriman furnished $5,500,000 in capital with which to purchase new bonds and pay off those due. This unexpected generosity apparently had a string attached, since the net result is that by putting up $4,500,000 of borrowed money, Mr. Harriman secures control of the Erie Railroad, a $400,000,000 corporation, and incidentally has a through freight and passenger line from New York to San Francisco, an ideal for which he has been striving many years. It is reported also that many of the $5,000 notes were bought in the market at 80 cents on the dollar as holders feared the railroad was going into receivership. The road had been under the control of J. P. Morgan & Co., but they have apparently ceased to desire a controlling interest. This puts the Erie Railroad in direct competition with the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, and with its western connection it will probably become a first-class line, instead of a third-rate one.

China and Japan.

Recent advices from the East report an anti-Japanese boycott rapidly spreading through the Chinese Empire, which will seriously interfere with, possibly almost alienate Japanese commerce in many quarters. It is pointed out by those who favor Chinese interests that for every dollar exacted by the Japanese owners of the Tatsu Maru, Japanese merchants will lose a thousand dollars in commerce. At any rate, this boycott is a direct outgrowth of the Tatsu Maru incident.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH IN ITALY.—Last June I gave in these columns an account of my visit to the Waldensian colony not far from Asheville, North Carolina. This past month, but for Mr. Jones' absence from the city, we might have had the opportunity to hear, at Lincoln Centre, the Rev. V. Alberto Costabel, representative of the Waldensian Evangelization Committee, tell in eloquent, yet direct and simple, fashion of the present status of that small, historic body of Christians, which our own Edward Everett Hale made so real for us in his perennially popular Christmas story, "In His Name." Mr. and Mrs. Costabel have been some weeks in the city, and he has been heard in various churches, though owing to the illness of Dr. Vance, president of the Chicago Weldensian Aid Society, and, as already mentioned, to Mr. Jones' absence, he was not able to deliver his message to as many Chicagoans as he had hoped. Listening to him last Sunday evening, I kept UNITY readers in mind and subsequently offered this foreign notes corner for some re-telling of his story. Regretting that his departure from Chicago and his numerous engagements would not permit him to write anything for us himself, Mr. Costabel gladly and promptly sent me a budget of printed material from which I glean as follows:

The Vaudois, or Waldenses, are a small community, numbering not more than twenty-five thousand people, mostly peasants, who live in the northwestern corner of Italy, in the Waldensian valleys of the Cottian Alps. It is not known whether these people originally fled, as primitive Christians, from the persecutions of Nero, as some traditions claim; but it is known that they were the first to protest against the errors of the Church of Rome. Their church, comparatively insignificant though it be, *is the oldest evangelical church in Europe.* Dr. Hale's story deals only wth that period of its history connected with the life and teachings of Peter Waldo and the "Poor men of Lyons," and the beginnings of the persecutions inflicted upon them in the twelfth century. In spite of over thirty periods of cruel persecutions and martyrdom which followed at intervals during the next six centuries, they kept the light of the Gospel shining through all the surrounding darkness. When the reformation dawned, the reformers of France, Switzerland and Germany were amazed to discover that a little people, hidden away among the recesses of the Alps, had for ages past possessed the light which only then was bursting on other parts of Europe. In the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, they succeeded in planting their congregations in Italy, France, Germany and Holland, and this in spite of restrictions and laws which made them outcasts in their own land. Their pastors were not allowed to sleep out of their own parishes under pain of imprisonment. The learned professions could only be practiced within their own valleys, which are about twenty miles long and sixteen wide. Their children could be seized on slight pretexts and sent to convents to be educated.

The 17th of February, 1848, saw the end of their bondage. The edict of emancipation of King Charles Albert gave them at last the rights of free citizens in their own country—1860 saw Italy under King Victor Emanuel, with the exception of Venice and Rome, which came into the union in 1866 and 1870.

As soon as the way was open, the Waldenses, always zealous in missionary work, began to make use of their liberty to bring to their fellow-countrymen the treasure handed down to them by their forefathers, their field of operation growing with the growth of Italy.

In 1860 they transferred their theological seminary to Florence, so that the

Y. M. C. A. Celebration.

The semi-centennial celebration of the local Young Men's Christian Association began last Saturday and will be maintained to April 28 with a great list of speakers from all over the country. Over 200 meetings are to be held and some fifty prominent speakers will make addresses. On Saturday, April 25, a thousand men and boys, trained in the gymnasiums of the various departments, will give a remarkable exhibition at the First Regiment Armory. Sunday, the 26th, practically all Protestant churches in the city will have a share in the observances, and on Monday, the 27th, there will be a great citizens' banquet at the Congress Hotel. Dr. De Forest, of Japan, in a recent address asserted that the Y. M. C. A. was the most significant and potent Christian institution in the Orient, surpassing all denominational efforts of every kind.

Great Fire Near Boston.

In Chelsea, Mass., Sunday fire destroyed a square mile of buildings, rendered 1,500 families homeless and caused the loss of at least three lives and of about $10,000,000 worth of property. Help was secured from Boston and surrounding towns, but the fire raged all day.

Chicago Milk Supply Examined.

One of the city papers (*Record-Herald*) has carried on a very thorough examination of the milk now being used in Chicago. The various samples are being analyzed by an expert and the results are hardly creditable to the city, though perhaps above the average of other cities. Very little milk has over 3 per cent of butter fat and 12 per cent of solids, which is not very good milk. On the whole, the percentage of filth is altogether too large for health or safety. A continuation of present conditions would certainly mean a large infant mortality as warm weather comes on, and possibly a serious epidemic.

Illinois Charitable Institutions.

The committee of the state legislature which has been investigating the charitable institutions has recently prepared a bill for adoption by the state legislature, which will entirely put out of existence the State Board of Charities and seventeen boards of trustees, being the most sweeping measure of its kind ever introduced in the legislature. Naturally a hot fight is predicted, and many other bills will be introduced.

Japanese Enjoy Chicago.

Sixty Japanese "round the world tourists" have been seeing Chicago during the past week and express themselves as "amazed" and "astounded" at the sights and scenes, the size and rush of Chicago business enterprises. According to reports Mr. Kuruchama was visiting Swift & Co.'s packing plant, when he discovered he had no more personal cards left, and hence was unable to exchange with one of the proprietors. Before he left the yards, a brief time later, he was handed 200 engraved cards with his name on, with the compliments of Swift & Co., a revelation to him of Chicago hustle as well as generosity.

Mayor Becker a Candidate.

Milwaukee's boy-mayor, defeated at last week's election by former Mayor Rose, has gubernatorial aspirations and it is announced that he will make a campaign of Wisconsin by means of a balloon, from which he will address and presumably inspire his rural audiences about the state. The scheme seems to comport so well with the general reputation of "Sherby" Becker that some reliance is placed upon it.

C. A. O.

northern accent of their students should acquire the classic smoothness of the Tuscan, and become more acceptable to their fellow-citizens of the whole Kingdom.

In 1870, when the Italian soldiers entered Rome through the breach of Porta Pia, a Waldensian colporteur entered with them, Bible in hand, and a few days later a Waldensian pastor preached the first evangelical sermon delivered in the Eternal City, after the proclamation of the infallibility of its pope-king.

In 1848 the Waldenses numbered in their own valleys, 15 parishes and 16 pastors; in 1907, they had 103 pastors, working in Italy and out of it. As Dr. Hale long ago pointed out, they are, in proportion to their numbers, the most active missionary church in the world, and it is for the furtherance of their missionary enterprises that they ask the sympathy and aid of Christians elsewhere, not for themselves, as their own churches are all self-supporting.

The work is carried on under the direction of the Board of Evangelization, the president of which, Rev. Arturo Muston, resides in Rome, as does one of his colleagues. Five other members reside in Turin, Genoa, Milan, Naples and Palermo respectively, each superintending one of the five districts into which the field is divided.

Since they appeal to the Christians of other lands for funds, the question is naturally asked, What sacrifices are the Italian brethren making on their own account? The report of progress issued in December, 1907, gives some figures and facts in reply.

"The 6,708 members of our mission churches have this year contributed for our different schemes in Italy 87,523.51 francs (nearly $17,500), that is to say, upward of 13 francs each. This we regard as very fair, considering that the majority of our brethren belong to the class of agricultors and other laborers.

"One widow in Girgenti (Sicily), feeling herself getting old and wishing that her contribution should be continued after her death, has invested 1,000 francs ($200) for this object.

"At Sampierdarena a workman who during more than fifteen years has saved about 8,000 francs ($1,500), has made over this amount to us, in order that the interest may help us to begin a work of evangelization in his native village in Liguria." There are more interesting illustrations than I have room to quote.

The section of this report showing progress is so full of interest, with its account of meetings held in the halls of hotels, in stables, cattle folds, granaries, barns, and in the kitchen of such and such an adherent, and its suggestion of the difficulties of conducting open air meetings in Italy and yet of their occasional success.

Waldensian connection with the temperance work, too, is especially noteworthy just now when there is such widespread interest in that question among us. "Pastor G. Rochat of Florence, who has for many years been publishing an antialcoholic leaflet, *Social Welfare*, and is a devoted apostle of temperance, has had the pleasure of being invited by the military authorities of the city to deliver lectures on this subject to the troops. The city of Florence is by no means lacking in members of the Romish clergy and yet it is a Waldensian pastor who has the direction of this movement, and has been chosen to put our brave soldiers on their guard against the terrible poison."

The Waldensian schools are especially commended in that part of a report on the Milan International Exposition dealing with "Education in Italy," and published by the U. S. Bureau of Education. "This religious body," says the reporter, "has maintained a separate existence since the twelfth century. Its schools are now the best one finds in Italy, and the percentage of illiteracy is lower in the Waldensian valleys than in any other part of the kingdom. . . . . With the very limited funds at their disposal, one marvels that they should accomplish so much and do their work so well. Their teachers are the best trained that I have found in Italy, and their methods of instruction are in line with the most progressive countries in northwestern Europe."

Mr. Costabel's discourse was full of interesting anecdotes, statements and quotations from recent articles in the Italian press, showing on the one hand how dense and pitiable is the superstition among the Italian peasantry, and on the other how the enlightened patriotism, the uprightness and unselfish devotion of the Waldenses are winning constantly growing appreciation from Catholics as well as Protestants. He pleaded, not without show of reason, that the work they are doing is not without direct value to us in America, inasmuch as it must tend more and more to raise the character of the immigration we receive from his country. These hurried gleanings of mine are a very poor substitute for the viva voce presentation of a cause that has the glamor of old-time heroism and romance coupled with practical wisdom, directness and singleness of purpose in meeting twentieth century conditions.

M. E. H.

Saint-Gauden's Final Place

Where among great minds he will take his rank we need not ask. It is enough that he is among them. Such an artist is assuredly a benefactor to his country, and it is eminently fitting that his gift to us should be acknowledged by such tribute as we can pay him. By his work in other lands and by his world-wide fame he sheds a glory upon the name of America, helping to convince the world that here also are those who occupy themselves with the things of the spirit, that here also are other capabilities than those of industrial energy and material success. In his many minor works he has endowed us with an inexhaustible heritage of beauty—beauty which is "about the best thing God invents." He is the educator of our taste —of our sentiment and our emotions. In his great monuments he has not only given us fitting presentments of our national heroes; he has expressed, and in expressing elevated, our loftiest ideals; he has expressed, and in expressing deepened, our profoundest feelings. He has become the voice of all that is best in the American people, and his works are incentives to patriotism and lessons in devotion to duty.

His angels and caryatids are not classical goddesses, but modern women, lovely, but with a personal and particular loveliness, not insisted upon, but delicately suggested. And it is not the personality of the model who chanced to pose for them, but an invented personality, the expression of the nobility, the sweetness and the pure-mindedness of their creator. and in such a figure as that of the Adams memorial in Rock Creek Cemetery, in Washington, his imaginative power reaches to a degree of impressiveness almost unequaled in modern art. One knows of nothing since the tombs of the Medici that fills one with the same hushed awe as this shrouded, hooded, deeply brooding figure, rigid with contemplation, still with an eternal stillness, her soul rapt from her body on some distant quest. Is she Nirvana? Is she The Peace of God? She has been given many names—her maker would give her none. Her meaning is mystery; she is the everlasting enigma.

—From the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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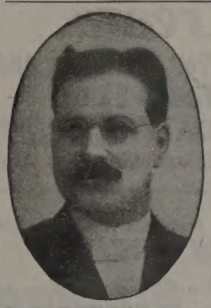

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